

OUR DUMB

Animals





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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to sixteen lines.

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“Rooster Day in Broken Arrow”

THAT was the title of a picture story which recently appeared in a national magazine, and it brought an avalanche of protests to our headquarters in Boston. The complaints came from many different parts of the country and they all had one thing in common—utter, sickening disgust.

Mrs. Hal F. Rambo, President of the Tulsa S. P. C. A. (Oklahoma) in writing to us had, among other things, this to state, “The rooster race was used for the first time this year. The citizens, not realizing what human nature can be in the raw, never dreamed it would end as it did. They sincerely regret what happened and say it will never be a part of their program again.”

We hope so—but in recent years we have observed too many similar, cruel stunts, like the goose-pulling in South Carolina, bow and arrow shooting of old buffaloes in Wyoming—not to mention the Turkey Rodeo planned for Boston Common last Thanksgiving. That affair, however, was promptly stopped by our Society.

Humane Societies and individuals interested in fair play for animals must be constantly on the alert to prevent these “publicity stunts” from becoming part of the American scene. Perhaps the whole attitude toward the appalling spectacles can best be summed up with the words of a 14-year-old boy who, in writing his protest to the magazine, said, “I am an animal lover, 14 years old, and I wouldn’t tear apart a helpless rooster if he was stuffed with dollars. All I can say is, I’d hate to be a rooster in that town.” How true!

E. H. H.



Officer Charles E. Brown with one of the rabbits which responded to treatment and recovered from his injuries.

Greyhound Trainers Fined

ON complaints signed by our officer, Charles E. Brown, three New Bedford men recently were fined \$25 each in District Court on charges of cruelty to animals.

The three were arrested by two Fairhaven policemen, Officers Albert E. Foster and Anthony C. Plezia when the latter discovered that these men were turning loose tame rabbits for their greyhounds to run down and kill.

The officers, with Fairhaven Police Chief Norman D. Shurtleff and Mr. Brown, then made a three-day probe into the case before complaints were issued.

In matters such as these the Massachusetts State Racing Commission has always been most cooperative and has referred such cases as the above to our Society when called to its attention. Furthermore, the Commission sends a

letter each year to every race track owner, reading as follows:

"The Commission wishes again to call your attention to its letter of May 28, 1941, requesting that you notify all dog owners and trainers at your track that any owner or trainer reported to the Commission as using live lures during the time that dog racing is being conducted in this Commonwealth will suffer immediate suspension."

Furthermore, the three convicted men would lose their licenses under Rule 76 of the Commission which states, in brief, that any owner, trainer, or authorized agent who permits his dogs to be schooled on any track not approved by the Commission shall be subject to immediate revocation of his license.

We are happy to reveal that the owners of the greyhounds have now sold the dogs and have had to give up any thoughts of racing in the near future.

Here and There

IT is an established fact that the training of the intellect alone is not sufficient. Nothing in this world can be truer than that the training of the head, without the training of the heart, simply increases one's power for evil.

—Ralph Waldo Trine

THE sanctity attached to human life should be bestowed wherever possible on all life. I say this, aware of the inescapable necessities which prevent its undue extension. But I say it, still more aware of its cruel and useless restriction. Call nothing God has made, and least of all that in which He has placed life's glorious mystery, either common or unclean.

—Dr. S. Parkes Cadman

Take the Stones Out of the Road

ALAS, how we forget to do it. We go stumbling, hurting ourselves over things, never thinking of those who must also come over the same hard way, perhaps bearing weary burdens, perhaps in the dark. On we go, glad that we are past the rocky, uneven road. Isn't it worthwhile to stop long enough to throw out by the wayside, now and then, the thing which injured us, or over which we fell, or which nearly tripped us up? The traveler who comes after us will never know we did it, never realize the way is that much easier, but he will reach his goal with stronger heart and less tired spirit. That will be our reward. "Take the stones out of the road."

NOBODY grows old by merely living a number of years. People grow old only by deserting their ideals. Years wrinkle the face, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self-interest, fear, despair—these are the long, long years that bow the head and turn the growing spirit back to dust.

—Watterson Lowe

THE man who removed the mountain began by carrying away small stones.

—Chinese Proverb

"Happy" Adopts Postman

THE story of dog companions of postmen is as old as the mail service, itself, but each incident is a little different and gives a fresh insight into the devotion of dogdom. For instance the human interest drama enacted daily on the streets of Swampscott, Massachusetts, is one of the best.

The hero in this drama is "Happy," four years old, jet black with a streak of white and the pet of George Clauson, at present on active service with the U. S. Marines.

First to enter the scene is letter carrier Edward Humphreys. About two years ago Eddie was placed on the route that included Happy's home. Eddie left the mail at the house and Happy eyed him with suspicion and paid no further attention to him. Then, one day, Eddie stopped to pat Happy and toss a ball for him to chase.



—Photo by Courtney
Along the route.



To Happy, letter-carrier Edward Humphreys is his pal.

—Photo by Courtney

From that day on for the next 18 months, Happy would wait for Eddie to appear and then follow him over the entire route. He would sense when Sunday came and would curl up for an extra snooze behind the kitchen stove. When a substitute carrier appeared, Happy paid no attention to him.

Then, about six months ago, Eddie failed to appear. He had been transferred to a route in Beach Bluff and for three long weeks Happy waited in front of his house for Eddie. The new mailman spoke and patted Happy, but Happy would have none of him.

Then, one morning mail carrier Humphreys saw a familiar figure on the steps of the Swampscott postoffice when he arrived for work. The postoffice was more than a mile from Happy's home and so far as anyone knows Happy had never been there before. He gave a joyful yelp and jumped on Eddie like a long lost pal. After a few pats, Eddie left Happy in front of the building and

went in to get his morning delivery.

His Beach Bluff route is some three miles from the postoffice and he travels to the route by bus. After being seated in the bus a few minutes, Eddie felt something brushing against his leg. Looking down he saw Happy on the floor. The dog had followed him on the bus unseen by anyone. Ed stopped the bus and put Happy off as he was afraid that the dog might become lost.

Arriving at his destination and alighting from the bus, Eddie saw Happy waiting for him on the sidewalk, wagging his tail joyously. The dog took over his old task and followed the mail man over his route and, returning on the bus, left Eddie at the postoffice. The next morning and every morning since Happy has waited for Eddie at the post-office. When Eddie fails to appear on his day off, Happy trots sadly home again, but is always back the next day. He refuses to have anything to do with other carriers who try to pat his head.

Tribute to a Cow

By Col. F. M. Woods

GRAND and noble brute, of all man's animal friends she is the greatest! To her we owe the most. Examine into all the channels of trade into which she enters and note the result should she be blotted out. A Sunday stillness would pervade the great stockyards of our large cities and grass would grow in the streets.

One half the freight trains that plow the continent from ocean to ocean would sidetrack, for there would be nothing for them to do. Fifty per cent of the employees would draw no pay on Saturday night and our tables would be bare of the greatest luxuries with which they are now loaded. The great plains of the west that the cow has made to blossom like the rose would revert to the Indians from whence they came, and millions of prosperous homes would be destroyed.

None other like the cow. There is not a thing from nose to tail but what is utilized for the use of man. We use her horns to comb our hair, her skin is on our feet and horses' backs. Her hair keeps the plaster on our walls. Her hoof makes glue and her tail makes soup. She gives us our cream, our milk, our butter and cheese and her flesh is the greatest meat of all nations. Her blood is used to make our sugar white, her bones when ground make valuable fertilizer, and even the contents of her paunch she has herself put through the first chemical process for the manufacture of the best quality of white board paper and now it has been discovered that paper can be made into the best false teeth.

Oh, you who would abuse the cow, I wish that I could for once take from your table as you are about to sit down to the evening meal all that the cow has placed thereon. I'd take the cup of milk sitting by the baby's chair. I'd take the cream biscuit, the custard pie, the cream for coffee, the butter, the cheese, the smoking roast beef or steak, or the sweet corned plate of juicy meat. In fact, I'd leave you to make your meal on Irish potatoes, beet pickles and tooth picks.

No other animal works for man both day and night. By day she gathers food and when we are asleep at night, she brings it back to rechew and manufacture into all the things of which I speak. She has gone with man from Plymouth Rock to the setting of the sun. It was her sons that drew the prairie schooner for the sturdy pioneers as inch by inch they fought to prove that "Westward the Star of Empire Takes Its Way" and the old cow grazed along behind and when the day's march was done, she came and gave milk to fill the mother's breast to feed the suckling babe that was perchance to become the ruler of his country.

Who says that what we are to a great extent we do not owe to man's best friend, the cow. Treat her kindly, gently, for without her words fail me to describe. It was the cow that made it possible for man to change the great American desert into a land of happy homes. When she came, the buffalo disappeared, the Indian tepee gave way to the church, school house and home, and where once the wild wolves howled, today children prattle, flowers bloom, birds sing.

Is it any wonder that we feel obligated to these glorious servants of mankind—and that we would make it possible through education for man to treat farm animals with greater care, more patience, more compassion and kindness.

—John C. Macfarlane, Director
Livestock Loss Prevention Department

Doctor "Duke"

By Helen Jay

THE airdale, "Duke," was dozing in the sunshine on the piazza. I was there reading the paper and wondering why "Muffet," my favorite cat had not joined us as usual. After a while I saw her coming slowly along the drive, her pumpkin-colored back bright in the sunshine. She was hopping on three legs. I could see a bad wound on the leg she was favoring and decided to take her to a veterinarian at once.

I reached out to pick her up, but she hurried over to Duke. She lay down close to him and placed her injured leg on one of his forepaws.

Duke looked up, took in the situation at once and began to clean and treat the wound with his tongue. He was very gentle. Even so, it must have hurt, for every little while Muffet would give a sharp little cry, spit at Duke and give his nose a quick slap with her paw. Duke would wince, but would accept each slap and her seeming exhibitions of ingratitude with patience and understanding. He would wait a few seconds and then go on with the treatment even more gently. This continued for about twenty minutes, at the end of which time, Muffet lay down close to Duke and slept in apparent comfort, her injured leg stretched out in the sun.

I decided to delay the visit to the veterinarian and give Duke's treatment a chance—unless, of course, Muffet should be in pain or her leg not improving.

Every morning at the same hour, as if by appointment, Muffet sought out Duke and he treated her wound in this way for the same length of time. And, shortly, to my amazement, but certainly not to theirs, the wound was completely healed.



He just completed his first sentence — "Stick 'em up!"

Regular Customers

By Beatrice-Ann Schubert

THE most steady patrons of Farmer John's restaurant in the elite Bel Air district of Los Angeles are a couple of non-paying customers, a 155-pound Harlequin Dane and a 35-pound Scotty.

"Duke von Helles" is a gentleman of good pedigree and waits patiently with his shadow, "Blackie," the Scotty, until the chef appears at the front door with a bag of choice bones.

Well mannered, Duke trots one block home on the highway without opening the bag, while Blackie trudges after, working up an appetite in her effort to keep up with her long-legged companion.

The dogs' owner, Mrs. Irma Erwin, Beverly Hills realtor, acquired the dogs as puppies; Duke, eleven years ago, and Blackie, six years ago.

It is not that the dogs are ill-fed at home. Duke, according to Mrs. Erwin, gets two pounds of horsemeat a day, "plus whatever he mooches at the restaurant."

His owner says Duke has the vocabulary understanding, and the deportment of a three-year-old child, and is quicker at responding to a command.

Duke came from the Helles Dane farms near Columbus, Ohio, bred of a blond Dane and a harlequin male, "Uban." Duke, one in a litter of thirteen, was granted the right of survival by grace of being born the correct color. Five of his off-color brothers and sisters were put to sleep shortly after birth.

"A dog's life" took on new connotation when Duke was boarded at a town house for dogs in Pasadena, California, a kind of canine finishing school. There he followed the social season, wintering in Palm Springs, summering at Big Bear. At the latter he made his most glaring social "faux pas" when he refused to let workmen make a fire break along the mountain, and had to be sent home for behavior unbecoming to a pedigreed Dane.



—Photo by M. Blank

Duke arrives at Farmer John's, a block from home, and pays court to an admiring restaurant patron, while Blackie waits patiently to be noticed.

It was a lonely life until Scotty came along. Not much of a dog for size, but a steadfast pal when the pampered life becomes dull and Duke takes to the road for a bit of daily hoboing.

A floor show at John W. Wilkins' Farmer John's? Not when people come for the outdoor show staged three times daily by a duo-dog team as regular and reliant as Duke and Blackie.

"Snubs" Became a Lifesaver • By Gerry Shurtleff

MONKREL dogs are smart, too, and the incident that proved it to me happened in the Salt Creek Oil Field, near Casper, Wyoming.

My little dog, "Snubs," and I were out walking one sunny day near one of the camps. As you probably know, there are big pools of crude oil seepage near every derrick. I was amazed, therefore, to see my nice, clean, little terrier suddenly leave the road and wade out into one of the sump holes.

I was quite put out because only hot water and lots of soap will remove that black, sticky ooze from anything it touches. I tried to call her back, but she ignored me completely. I stood there vainly trying to think what was wrong with her when I saw that she had reached her objective and was returning.

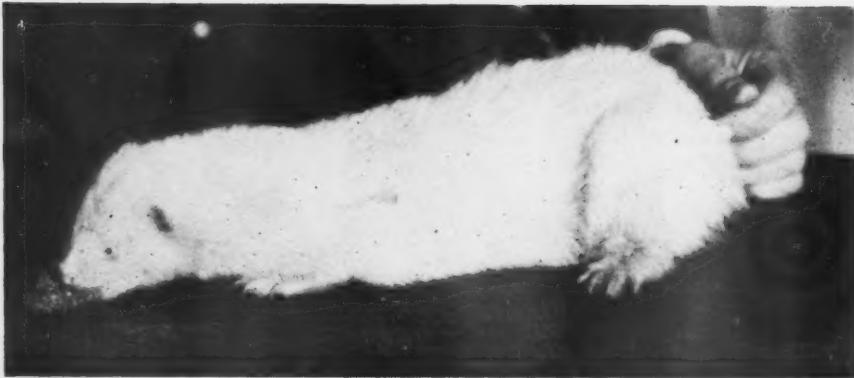
It was then that I discovered what she had done. In her mouth was a baby sparrow, just big enough to fly. She was holding it as gently as she would a puppy. She stood before

me wagging her tail, her eyes pleading with me to take the little bird.

The sparrow was still alive, but it was completely helpless as the oil had glued its feathers together and it could not move. There was only one thing I could think of to do, so we hurried home and I bathed the little bird with warm water and soap suds. Then I put him in a shoe box on a soft towel and placed it near a window.

The sun streamed in on the bird and shortly the little fellow began to preen himself. I offered him some bread crumbs which he took without hesitation. When he was dry I put him outside on some vines over my kitchen door, expecting him to leave immediately. To my utter astonishment, he tried his wings, flew around a few minutes, and came right back.

He and Snubs played together then for several days. Then he left and we haven't seen him since.



A ferret is just the animal to do the job.

U. S. Air Force Underground Agent

UNDERGROUND agents are pretty tough individuals. No sooner are problems posed than they suggest solutions. Sometimes these call for fortitude, courage and stamina.

This is one such story of a tough individual that solved a particular problem which certainly called for fortitude, courage and stamina.

It's the story of "Pete," the ferret.

Officers of the Rapid City, S. Dak., air base were mighty pleased with themselves. Conversion of their air base into one of America's key northern B-36 outposts was almost completed. But a problem presented by their engineers stilled their smiles. An important wire conduit running six feet underground right through the airfield would have to be torn up to get the wire in. Estimated cost: \$30,000.

What a "brilliant" stunt! What would General Vandenberg say from his offices in the Pentagon? How to save the day—that was the question!

Finn Timmons, a construction worker, told officials he had a ferret. "So what," said one of the engineers. "I've got a bulldog, a canary and a Cheshire cat." "But this ferret is a trained ferret," Finn explained. "My dog can do tricks, too," said the officer. "Pete—that's my ferret's name," said Finn. "will solve the problem."

Officers shrugged their shoulders. By this time, they were grabbing at straws! So why not at a ferret! See what you can do, they told Finn.

Finn double-timed home, ferreted out his 18-ounce pet, double-timed back to the air base where the only greeting he got was the cynic's stare.

Finn casually tied a string to Pete's

harness, dropped the pet into the 2210-foot-long conduit with the order—"Take it through, Pete."

For twenty minutes Finn was the butt of good-natured chiding. But a shout from another construction worker brought the men on the run from almost a half mile away. Pete was panting, but he still was dragging the string which later was used to pull heavy telephone cable through.

Twice more Pete puffed through the almost half-a-mile conduit. Twice more Finn affectionately stroked and patted his pet. Pride and envy supplanted the former cynicism in the construction workers' eyes.

The fourth and final trip was the most hazardous. Pete was panting, tired, spent. After a little encouragement from Finn, Pete dived into the conduit once more. Halfway through the tube, the string stopped moving.

Life apparently had left Pete. For three hours there was no sign of movement within the tube or at either end. Finn already was mourning his courageous pet.

Finn, disheartened, was staring at the string disconsolately when he thought he detected movement. The string moved—almost imperceptibly. But it moved—of that Finn was sure! As he watched the string it slowly skidded over the ground near his feet. Finn bounded up, ran the entire half mile to the other end of the conduit.

After a few minutes, Pete's head popped out of the hole. Still attached to Pete's harness was the fourth and final string. Pete not only had saved the day, but the U. S. Air Force some \$30,000.

—Dick LaCoste

Summer Care

By Tom Farley

DOG DAYS," according to Webster, comprise a four-to-six week period of sultry, close weather between early July and early September. It's the time of year when we all slow our pace a bit, avoid over-exertion, and usually knock off for a week or so.

The precautions we take ourselves during this stretch of muggy heat should apply to our dogs, as well. In summer, dogs instinctively follow a course of less activity. They seem to gravitate naturally to the coolest sleeping spots—under a chair or bed, near an open doorway or beneath a shady tree.

Just as you would choose the morning or late afternoon for a game of tennis, to avoid the midday heat, so you should arrange your dog's exercise periods at hours when he won't be exposed to the broiling sun. Don't be deceived by his apparently boundless energy, particularly if he is one of the rough-and-tumble terrier breeds. Plan the exercise to satisfy his need for action, and yet not tire him.

His summer bedding should be as light and cool as possible. If he sleeps in a dog bed, you might substitute paper, that excellent insulating agent, for his usual mat.

If your dog lives outside in a doghouse, the same rays of sunlight that ordinarily keep it dry and cool in milder weather will make it untenable during the midday hours. Make sure, if he's on a chain or in a run, that he has a shady spot to rest until his house cools off in the late afternoon.

An abundance of clean, cool water is a necessity for dogs and cats. Aside from satisfying their increased thirst, the water which contains iodine, cleanses and purifies an animal's system. See that they get at least three daily changes of water.

Above all, do not leave your home for the beach or mountains without, either taking your pet along or making proper arrangements for his care while you are gone—perhaps at a good boarding kennel or with friends whom you know to be fond of animals and whom you can trust implicitly.

Furthermore, if as so often happens, you should adopt a pet at your vacation spot, do not abandon him when you return home. If you cannot take him home with you, arrange with a humane society or veterinarian for a humane disposal.

"Jennie" Is Smart

By Carrie B. Kelley

JENNIE" is not only very p-r-e-t-t-y but she is very s-m-a-r-t, too. To be sure she's just a plain alley cat with no pedigree, but her sleek white coat, trim figure and alert eyes mark her as a cat of distinction. She is a good worker and a good mother. She's also the best rat catcher that has ever lived at the Bangor City Farm.

In her youth, Jennie was a lady's pet and life was easy, but when her mistress died, the house was closed and Jennie was without a home.

She struck up a bargain with a store-keeper nearby. She would keep the store free from rats and mice for her board. For years, she took great pride in her store work, but, when the store finally burned down, Jennie was once again homeless and not as young as she used to be.

Looking around, she decided the butcher shop across the street looked pretty good, so she made a trade with the owner and moved in. But poor Jennie, although she kept the place free from rodents, she very seldom got any tidbits from the choice meats because her master was mean-natured and thought a diet of mice was good enough for a cat. Like the Ancient Mariner with "water, water, everywhere and never a drop to drink," she was sur-

rounded by fragrant mouth-watering meats, but precious little of it came her way.

One morning she decided to find a new boarding place, so she went on the prowl again. Shortly, she came to the buildings of the Bangor City Farm. The door of the house was open, so she walked in. The manager's wife was working around the kitchen, not knowing she needed a cat. In a few minutes Jennie had laid a big, dead rat at her feet. Having proved her ability, she sat back to await results. This certainly was a sensible approach to the job and, of course, she was hired.

The fact that she was on the town didn't disturb Jennie in the least. Food was plentiful, kittens came twice a year and everything was wonderful.

But Jennie, whose life has been filled with work and kittens, is smart. Over twenty times she had experienced birth, often under the most trying conditions, but the blessed event she was again expecting was going to be done up right this time. Her cattish mind knew the layout of the local institution. She also realized the City Hospital was just in back, so, in the innermost recesses of her brain, an idea was born.

In spite of her best efforts, however, her plans went askew, for late one night



Jennie starts moving her family.

she gave birth to a litter of seven in a section of the Farm building. Knowing what the Hospital was for, she methodically transported her kittens, one by one, in the only fashion that cats are able, to the Hospital. It took some little time, but finally, she and her family were comfortably settled in a box under the Hospital stairs.

The City Hospital boasts no maternity ward, but that means nothing to Jennie, who solves her problems in her own way, which proves her smartness.

When the Doorbell Rings

ALL right, 'Boots!' I'll be right down!"

Boots kept on barking until her mistress, Mrs. W. E. James, answered the doorbell. It was an important telegram.

Half an hour later, Boots began to bark again.

"What is it, Boots?"

"It's out here!" the dog tried to say, as she led Mrs. James to the back door, to admit the gas meter man.

"Thank you, Little Doorbell!" Mrs. James whispered, and the little black-haired part-Spitz, part-dachshund hung happily to her shoe laces.

Mrs. James wears a hearing aid, but cannot hear the doorbell in a room distant from the kitchen even when she has the aid adjusted. Mr. James, Boots' master, is stone deaf, so the little dog

has to work extra hard to attract his attention when the doorbell rings or someone knocks when she is at home alone with him.

"One day I was sleeping on the living room sofa when Boots jumped up on my chest and licked my face," Mr. James relates. "And since she acted excited and immediately ran to the front door and appeared to be barking, I got up and went to the door. It was my brother-in-law."

"Before we had Boots," Mrs. James broke in, "none of our friends could get into our house. They simply couldn't make us hear the bell or their poundings. Now they can always get in if we are home at all—even if my husband is home alone with the dog. I don't know how we ever managed before we

. By Margaret M. James

had Boots. I would have liked to train her to bark when the telephone rings, but we have a clock that chimes every fifteen minutes and she used to get the clock and the 'phone bells mixed up. Besides, the doorbell has a special interest, for it nearly always results in some new and interesting person coming into the house and petting her."

Boots is, indeed, a smart dog. She somehow realizes that her master and mistress are hard of hearing and that when the doorbell rings it's entirely up to her to see that it is answered. Many dogs bark when a strange step is heard outside or when the bell rings, but Boots has taken on the extra duty of announcing each arrival personally and seeing to it that either his master or mistress goes to the door to see who is there.



come home soon.

Dear Esther,

The other day I had occasion to visit the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, Massachusetts. It was an interesting experience, worth anyone's time, to visit the various wards and see the hundreds of animal patients.

But what really amazed me was to find out just how highly household pets are regarded in this country. The reactions of the pet owners, themselves, convinced me of this.

For instance, I stopped for a moment before a cage which contained a beautiful tiger cat. The attendant explained to me that the cat had been very sick and had to be hospitalized.

At the same time he picked up an envelope from the top of the cage and handed it to me, saying, "And here's how much his mistress thinks of him." Curious, I opened the envelope and there was a highly ornate, hand-drawn "get well" card. It was all done in color, showing the cat in a hospital bed, and underneath, these words:

"Get purr-fectly well, old man feline,
And for home, soon make a bee-line.
(signed) Lonesome."

Well I just couldn't believe it. I'd never heard of such a thing before. But the attendant assured me that this was a common occurrence.

I made sketches of a few of these so that you could see for yourself just how much animals have come to mean to their owners.

See you soon,
Mildred



To "SMOKEY"





GREETING CARDS, CHEERFUL LITTLE NOTES, LETTERS AND EVEN TELEGRAMS ARRIVE DAILY FROM ANXIOUS PET OWNERS. ADDRESSED TO THEIR AILING PETS AND BEGGING THEM TO TAKE GOOD CARE OF THEMSELVES, MIND THE DOCTOR AND COME HOME SOON TO A LONESOME HOUSEHOLD.





Chenna waits with a stick of wood for her reward.

When "Chenna" Is Hungry

By Ruby Zagoren

LITTLE Tommy Tucker may sing for his supper, but "Chenna," a two-year-old dog of uncertain, mixed ancestry, brings a stick of wood into the house when she is hungry. Chenna knows that her mistress, Mrs. John Sablitz, of Colchester, Connecticut, will give her some choice snack for bringing in the wood.

This all began when Chenna, as a puppy, tagged along whenever Mrs. Sablitz or her son, John, brought armfuls of wood into the house for the kitchen stove, from the woodshed, fifty feet away. Chenna, one day, carried a stick of wood, and Mrs. Sablitz, pleased with the dog's helpful intention, rewarded Chenna with a cookie. Chenna knew a good bargain when she saw it. From then on, she continued to bring a stick of wood whenever she was in the mood for an extra morsel.

Last winter, when the ground was covered with snow, the woodpile was covered, also. Chenna, however, was not to be dismayed. She stored a number of sticks of wood in an empty pighouse. So, when her regular supply of wood was under snow, she could still get an extra bite or two by bringing a stick of wood from her special cache.

The Sablitz family regards Chenna as a kind of "miracle" dog. They used to have a different dog who was killed on the highway. A year after this accident, they found a puppy whimpering and crying in nearly the same place. This puppy was Chenna, whom they took home and fed. They don't know what breed Chenna is, but they think she may be part shepherd. However, to them, it is of no account just so long as Chenna is happy in their home.

Magpie Manor By Ida M. Pardue

NEVER heard of it? Well—it's going up fast—a housing project for magpies, and it's all free.

The ready-made houses are going up on the telephone poles running through Victoria, Australia. The telephone com-

pany providing the nests is doing so in the hope that the magpies will move in, fast, and not bother about building their own homes. This is because the birds usually build on the wires, causing noisy connections and other line trouble.

Don't Condemn All Dogs

By Maidie L. Dalrymple

EVERY so often one hears or reads an article by some person that condemns all dogs in a single category. Such person might attempt to point out that every dog enthusiast has his day of disillusionment and illustrate his point by mentioning cases where children have been bitten by seemingly friendly dogs.

It occurs to me that the parents of those children may be somewhat to blame in failing to teach their little ones to speak kindly, not to tantalize any animal and, above all, not to approach strange dogs, which, very naturally, may be only defending their masters' property as he has been taught.

We have known of dogs who pined away at the vacant chair of their masters. We have known of dogs who have traveled many miles with cut and bleeding feet to reach the homes of loved ones. We have known of dogs who have lain in grief across the graves that held their beloved masters. We have known of dogs who were loyal to masters who were drunkards, penniless, scorned by the rest of the world.

Why, indeed, destroy the thought that dog is man's best friend? It has been stated that man's best friend is his mother. Thank Almighty God that that is true, but when one reads of mothers who abandon their infants in every conceivable place, should we condemn all mothers, as these persons condemn all dogs for the misdemeanors of a few?

Some people may compare dogs with such venomous creatures as rattlesnakes. They say that the dog is America's most dangerous animal. Such a statement is certainly untenable and will only serve to bias others in their attitudes.

As a dog owner, myself, I have enjoyed a number of pets, have given them good homes and good care and they, in turn, have shown real devotion and companionship.

One may hear of mad dogs occasionally, but rabies is far from prevalent and is a disease which should only be treated as such and not used as a condemnation of the entire canine world. There are also insane people, but we do not condemn the whole world and class all people as insane.

So, let's not condemn all dogs. The great majority are loyal, intelligent and wonderful companions.

Greater Love Has No Dog

By R. J. Galway

TRAFFIC Officer Thomas Murphy stood in the middle of the road directing traffic, opposite St. Paul's Cathedral, corner 63rd Street. On one side of the street, waiting to cross and eager to get to Sunday School, he saw two familiar faces, six-year-old Katie Jones, blind since birth, and her devoted guardian, an oversized Alsatian dog.

Officer Murphy held up his white-gloved hand. Traffic screeched to a halt. The Alsatian, his name is "Coward," gently led the sightless child across the street, one of her little hands tucked under his collar.

The policeman absent-mindedly waved the traffic on. His eyes were following the child and dog. He saw her fondle her pet's ears and motion for him to wait for her. The dog would wait for the little girl, Murphy knew. He had every Sunday for the past year.

"Coward," the officer murmured, "a strange name for a big dog like that, but descriptive. He's sure afraid of cars."

An hour later Murphy saw the children coming out of St. Paul's. Coward was in the same spot, eyeing the youngsters, seeking his beloved mistress. He saw her, barked, and trotted toward her. The dog guided Katie to the edge of the sidewalk, halted, afraid of the cars, and barked inquiringly at Officer Murphy.

"The dog's frightened," Murphy thought to himself. He signaled the cars to stop. He saw with alarm that one car seemed to be out of control. It swerved toward the curb where Katie and Coward stood.

"Good God!" Murphy muttered, unable to do anything, "the dog's panicky. It may shove the child under the car."

The policeman was wrong. Coward pushed his blind mistress with his heavy body, out from the path of the careening automobile. The dog was run over. Murphy raced across the street. By the time he reached Katie she was struggling to her feet.

"Are you all right, honey?" Murphy gasped.

"I think so," Katie whimpered, "I heard people shouting about a car. Coward doesn't like cars. Is he very scared?"

"No, dear. Coward isn't afraid," Traffic Officer Murphy sighed, as he stroked the dead dog.

They Call Her "Mommy"

By Helen Keeney Floyd

THEY call her "Mommy" and she certainly lives up to her name.

When her three kittens came into the world, she did everything a good mother should. But that wasn't enough for Mommy. So, when three baby squirrels were added to her brood, she didn't even wiggle her whiskers. She just lolled over on her side and let the little foreigners in.

Mommy is a farm cat belonging to Leo Winakor of Salem, Connecticut. The three squirrels were added to her furry brood when the three Winakor children, Arthur, Brenda, and Eugene, and their cousin, William, heard a dog barking in the nearby woods a short time ago.

Tracking him down, they found that the dog had uncovered a nest of five baby squirrels. The children quickly rescued the five. They turned over two of them to a neighbor to raise and in-

troduced the other three to the mother farm cat.

Thus, began the story of Mommy's unusual motherhood.

Now, two weeks later, Mommy has one big happy family. Mrs. Winakor reported today that the mother cat still nurses the squirrels but they can eat cooked vegetables. And they love Hershey's chocolate bars. "They sit right up and nibble away," she said.

The squirrels are just about a month old now. Since their picture was taken two weeks ago, they have grown a little and their tails have become much bushier, Mrs. Winakor said. She described them as "very friendly" and "alert" little animals.

Mommy's kittens and the squirrels get on famously together. They wrestle and play together, with complete abandon, apparently unaware that there are any differences between them.



Mommy and her two sets of children.

Society and



Norman D. Harris, Director of Education of the Boston Museum of Science, tells the children about the tree frog. Mr. Albert A. Pollard and Miss Mildred F. Donnelly also at the microphone.

"Animal Club of the Air"

THE radio engineer near the platform, with headphones checked with Station WMEX. Time was running out. Every seat was now occupied. Parents and friends and some Girl and Boy Scouts in their bright uniforms were standing with backs to the wall. There was a buzzing of conversation. Some were obliged to listen in at a radio in another office, for there was no more room. The announcer looked at his watch. "One more minute," he said, "and we shall be on the air." What had been a confusion of happy and excited voices now was but a gentle murmur as an air of hushed expectancy filled the room. Then there was a ripple of laughter from the audience as one small boy in audible tones inquired anxiously of his mother, "I don't see Herkimiah, the porcupine. Are you sure he will be here?" The seconds ticked by, and at nine o'clock Mr. Albert A. Pollard, leader of the club and director of education of the society, opened the fourth annual meeting of the "Animal Club of the Air." He suggested a greeting from all present to those members in distant parts listening in. What went over the air at that point was more than an enthusiastic greeting; it was a cordial roar.

Mr. Pollard reminded his audience in learning to know and understand the ways and needs of our pets and other animals, one receives a great deal of joy and happiness, for kindness to animals helps build character, which carries over into all our ways of life. Ani-

mals, like people, respond to kind human interest. The world has need of the spirit of kindness, for with it there can be tolerance to strangers of other races and creeds, gentleness, understanding, happiness, and peace.

Mr. Pollard continued that while the interests of the club centered largely around pets and farm animals, it was interested in all animals, particularly those creatures of field and forest that are often misunderstood and destroyed through unnecessary fears and superstitions. That is why he said he had invited Norman D. Harris, director of education of the Boston Museum of Science, to be the speaker, for Mr. Harris had an interest in all things zoological. Beginning as a hobby, it had now become a career and with his excellent television program, "Living Wonders," with live animals he has enthralled youngsters and grownups, who are gaining a new appreciation of nature and its variety of children and the need for their care and protection. Upon being introduced, Mr. Harris piqued the curiosity of the girls and boys by producing a large-size comfortable carrier and said he was going to introduce them to a pet he was sure none of them had. Would they like to guess what kind of animal it was? Hands went up all over the auditorium, and finally one little boy, probably the one who knew of "Herkimiah," ventured, "a porcupine." Sure enough; the fattest, most cunning porcupine one ever did see, that came to Mr. Harris as a bottle-fed baby,

blinked his eyes a bit as he came out of the box and grunted a good morning to the delight of all present. One could see he was fond of Mr. Harris, never batting his tail, and eating a banana with his two front paws and enjoying himself immensely. There was a barrage of questions and answers until Herkimiah almost blushed he was so embarrassed as a few members came up to pat him and learned porcupines don't throw their quills.

Would the girls and boys like to see another animal? Without a dissenting vote all agreed they would, but there were some timid souls and a few shrieks as a large indigo snake was handled by Mr. Harris as one would handle a kitten. Needless to say, before many minutes a great deal was learned of the value of eleven New England snakes and of two that are poisonous but uncommon—the timber rattlesnake and the copperhead. By now the announcer signalled time was nearly up, and Mr. Harris received tremendous applause for his informal, informative, and interesting talk, assisted by his unusual pets.

Claire Cruikshank of Fairhaven, Massachusetts, many-time winner of the Animal Quizzes and president of an animal club consisting of classmates in the Junior High School, spoke on the activities of her club. By the use of a portable microphone, other members were able to speak of their own experiences with their pets.

After the broadcast ice cream was served, and a new animal film, DAVID AND THE PUPPY, was shown. Everyone wanted the experience of visiting the hospital and seeing the patients and the splendid facilities for taking care of them. There was a great deal of concern and sympathy shown for those animals in various stages of convalescence. It was evident the children understood that pain affects animals as well as people. One little girl who had never owned a pet persuaded her mother to adopt one from the Stray Ward. With a leaflet for its feeding and care and a promise to take good care of it, she was a very happy little girl.

Service News

Neglect of Horses

ONE of the Society's agents, during an investigation, found three horses. There was no sign of hay or grain on hand. One of the horses was standing in a box stall six inches deep in manure and water, and the roof was leaking badly.

The agent kept vigil until 11 p. m., when the owner of the place returned. He had no feed with him, but claimed that he kept it across the street at a neighbor's. The agent told him to remove the horse from the mud hole and get feed for the animals. The man returned with feed, evidently borrowed from the neighbor. He was warned that he should be arrested for such neglect, but the Society would rather see him spend the money on caring for the horses and improving conditions. The roof was ordered repaired, the box stall cleaned, and feed purchased. A close check will be kept on the place to see that the orders are carried out.

Dogs Placed In Homes

LAST year John T. Brown, Massachusetts S. P. C. A. agent and prosecuting officer for 34 cities and towns in Essex County, placed 286 animals in carefully selected households, in addition to investigating cases of cruelty, examining many animals, regular inspection of stockyards and attendance at auctions.

In the picture below Mr. Brown is seen with one of the strays for which he found a good home.



—Photo from Hamilton-Wenham Chronicle.



Stray dogs awaiting their owners at the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield. Those holding the dogs are (left to right) Sandy Lemar, Mrs. Shirley Smead, and Paul Furey.

June Day

THE beautiful rose gardens on the estate of Mrs. M. Ida Young of Longmeadow were once again the setting for a garden party given for the benefit of the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield. A dessert bridge, with one hundred tables in play, was the principal feature. Bob Jones, WSPR radio announcer, was master of ceremonies, Roland Pomerat presided at the organ, and colorful ballet dancing was presented on the upper terrace.

Mrs. William J. Warner, president of the S. P. C. A. Auxiliary served as general chairman. Other chairmen were Mrs. Lawrence Davis, Mrs. Harold D. Stickney, Mrs. H. W. Stockbower, Mrs. Herman L. Carlisle, Mrs. William T. Dickens, and Mrs. Walter J. DuBon, assisted by other members of the Auxiliary.

Meetings Attended

DR. GERRY B. SCHNELLE, Acting Chief of Staff of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, at a meeting of the Veterinary Medical Association of New Jersey, held in Atlantic City in June, gave an address, the title being "X-Ray Interpretation—Including Newer Diagnoses."

Dr. C. Lawrence Blakely, Director of Surgery at the Hospital, spoke to the New York State Veterinary Medical Society, at Saranac, New York. The first day he discussed a group of surgical operations performed upon dogs; and the second day he delivered a paper on safe anesthesia in small animal practice.

Abuse of Pig

FOUR boys were brought into court by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. for abuse of a pig. It seems that the boys were ordered off a farm. In resentment, they took a small pig away with them in a bag. The oldest boy threw the pig in a brook and beat it over the head when it tried to crawl out, then threw stones at it. The pig was left in the brook, where it died. The boys claimed that they started to return the pig to the farm, but became frightened.

The special justice on the case found the boys guilty of delinquency and placed them on probation for six months. They were ordered to make restitution to the farmer.

Extreme Cruelty

THE police and one of the Society's agents are investigating a case of extreme cruelty to a cat. Someone reported seeing a flaming cat run up the street and disappear. Later, when the owners of the cat arrived home, they found it very badly burned with ears blistered, swollen, and the hair burned off of its sides and back. They immediately brought the cat to our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital for treatment. Boys, seen in the distance, are suspected, but is it possible that boys would perpetrate such a heedless act of cruelty?

In one neighborhood several dogs have been injured by having acid shot at them. Two were shot in the eyes and another was burned on the back by the acid. The offender will be prosecuted when located.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

By Boys and Girls

NOW we want you to write for us. If you are fifteen years old or under and have written or want to write a poem or story about animals, you are eligible to compete for a place on this page. Each piece must be very short, and, of course, your very own composition. Each contribution must be accompanied by a note from your teacher stating that the writing is original with you. Also, if you have a picture of yourself and your pet, send that, too. Of course we cannot promise to print everything received but the judges will pick out the ones they think the best.

All letters should be addressed to Boys and Girls Editor, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We cannot return or acknowledge unused contributions, but we shall do our best to print the best stories, poems and pictures received.

Following are a few samples of stories and verse written by children. Can you do better than these boys and girls? Try it.



—Photo by Francis Dickie

The happy family talking it over. "Buster," "Pussy Purr-Meow" and baby are so glad Bobby is having vacation, because they have so much fun together.

My Dog

By Willie Burns

I have a dog named "Cindy Lou"—
She likes me, and I like her, too.
When she's as hungry as can be,
She brings her empty dish to me.

Good Morning!

By Barbara Craig

I say good morning
To the wren and the robin
As over our lawn
They go darting and bobbing.

I say good morning
To the ant and the bee,
The cricket and butterfly—
To all I see.

And they say good morning
Right back to me.

Pedro's Lonely Dog

By Joann Murphy

PEDRO and his little dog, "Billy," lived in Mexico. Billy was very fond of his little master, and was always allowed to go where he went. But one day as Pedro was preparing for market, for which he would be gone a week, his father told him Billy must stay at home with the rest of the family. So Billy stayed at home! During the week while Pedro was at the market, Billy would not eat, sleep, or go in the house. Finally, Saturday came and Pedro came home. The first thing he did was to run and see Billy. Then Billy went into the house and Pedro fed him. After that wherever Pedro went Billy went, too.

Four Cardinals

By Michael Prisco (6th Grade)

THIS morning, as I was walking to school, I heard a familiar cry. "Wa-cheer," "Wa-cheer." I knew it was a cardinal, but I wanted to see it. I answered its call. As it answered back, I tried to get closer to where it was, so I could see it better. I did. It was not more than ten feet away. When I got to the school yard, I saw three more.

"Bangs"

IHAVE a gray and white kitten whose name is "Bangs." We call him that because he has some gray hair on his forehead that looks like bangs. We enjoy our kitten very much.

—June Ellsworth (Age 11).

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Squirrel Cafeteria

By Caroline McNeill

CAROLINE runs a squirrel cafeteria. Since she is only two, she might seem a bit young for a business venture. But the dividends are enormous.

Every morning, as soon as she tumbles out of bed, Caroline runs to the window to set out the squirrels' breakfast. They are always there waiting for her, sitting up on their haunches to beg, or if Caroline is a little late, peering into the room anxiously, as if they simply could not understand such sleepy-headedness, when they, of course, have been up for hours.

Once three fat pigeons waddled across the lawn, lifted their wings to land on the window sill, ate their fill, bowed politely to Caroline, and waddled off again. Caroline laughed aloud with glee.

Caroline's mother and father furnish the food and consider the cost a trifling price to pay for such a happy start to a little girl's day.

But things are not always so serene. One morning we heard a great commotion outside the window, and saw squirrels scattering in all directions. With much flapping of wings, a pair of blue jays had landed and were devouring everything in sight. When the last morsel was gone, they chased each other off the window-ledge, and into and around the trees, screaming their shrill caw-caws. Then, as suddenly as they had come, they flew away, as if it had all been a huge joke really, and they hadn't intended any harm.

Next morning the squirrels were back, tapping on the windowpane, and since Caroline was a bit late, craning their necks to look for her, for all the world as if they were trying to say, "Where are you anyway, Sleepyhead?"



"Hello, 'Mr. Squirrel,' breakfast is ready!"

ACROSS					DOWN				
1.	VEGETABLE.				2.	B			
4.	NOTE IN SCALE.				3.	T	O	P	E
5.	UPON.				6.	H	A	S	E
6.	SMALL CABIN.				7.	L	I	K	E
7.	LIKE.				8.	N	O	T	O
8.	NOT ON.				9.	T	O	M	E
9.	TO MELT.				10.	B	R	E	D
13.	BUTTER SUBSTITUTE.				11.	C	R	Y	O
14.					12.	M	O	T	H

Popular Characters—Quiz

By Daisy G. Roberts

THESE beloved characters are well known in either movies, cartoon, fact or fiction. See if you can name them. The first one is a new Walt Disney character. Eight correct guesses is a good score. Ten correctly named is very good. Name them all, and that is excellent, indeed.

1. Danny, 2. Lassie, 3. Bugs, 4. Donald, 5. Sandy, 6. Bambi, 7. Claribel, 8. Black Beauty, 9. Daisy, 10. Silver, 11. Ferdinand, 12. Tippie.

Answers: 1. Lamb, 2. Dog, 3. Rabbit, 4. Duck, 5. Dog, 6. Deer, 7. Cow, 8. Horse, 9. Dog, 10. Horse, 11. Bull, 12. Dog.



"Tommy" and Mr. Toad enjoy their fried chicken in perfect harmony.

Strange Friendship

By Dorothy Cable

NOT all cats are selfish. Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Eason of Lake Wales, Florida, will long remember "Tommy" in this respect. The huge tom cat belonged to them for several years after his former owners moved away. After stretching his allotted nine lives into 17 years of living, Tommy developed a generous streak in his old age.

One day last fall a skinny little toad appeared on the back porch at Tommy's feeding time. It came again and again. At first Mrs. Eason used to push the toad off, but it always came back. Finally, when she noticed that he and the cat ate peacefully together, she let it stay. The toad soon grew so big and fat that it could hardly move.

Every night the toad hopped up the back steps and shared the cat's dinner. He would eat anything the cat did. Although the cat never tried to slap his friend, he sometimes growled and made

faces over a contested morsel. If the toad thought the cat was going to eat up all the food he swelled up threateningly. But the two got along well.

Once Mrs. Eason found them eating almost nose to nose. Another time the toad got into the cat's bowl and drank some of its milk. Bread was the one thing the toad wouldn't eat. When offered some he would spit it out. But the cat didn't like it either.

Neither ever knew when to quit eating. Just before being photographed the cat and toad had dined well on green beans and dog food. Although both were full, fried chicken was more than either could resist.

This curious friendship lasted over three months. Then Tommy's ninth and final life caught up with him. After the cat died the toad, who had lived under the back steps, quit coming to meals and disappeared.

Affection For Pets

SEVERAL instances have been brought to public attention in recent days of the great affection people hold for their animal pets. To some, perhaps, this affection seems strange and there are those who regard unusual tributes paid by masters and mistresses to their pets as bordering on the freakish. But to others—many millions of others—it is all readily understandable. An ordinary household cat or a little mongrel, no-account dog can often bring great joy and comfort to a human being. People who have been injured in some way by the actions or the thoughtlessness of their fellowmen, those who have been deprived of close human friendships, others who have suffered the loss of someone dear—these particularly are the ones who have found comfort in the loyalty of a pet. But there are others who become closely attached to animal pets only because of their friendly and sympathetic natures. A person who is fond of pets is usually found to be a trustworthy and generally admirable individual in his human dealings.

—Boston Post

"Science Saves Your Pet"

MOST of our readers have no doubt read the article by this title about our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital which appeared in *This Week Magazine*. This excellent portrayal of our work to reduce animal suffering has already resulted in many letters from friends and even complete strangers whose interest in our Society has been increased and awakened.

For those who did not see the article we have a few copies of it still on hand and we should be very happy to send them on request. The supply is very limited so please get your request in early.

Please remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in making your will. See form of bequest on next page.

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TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

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